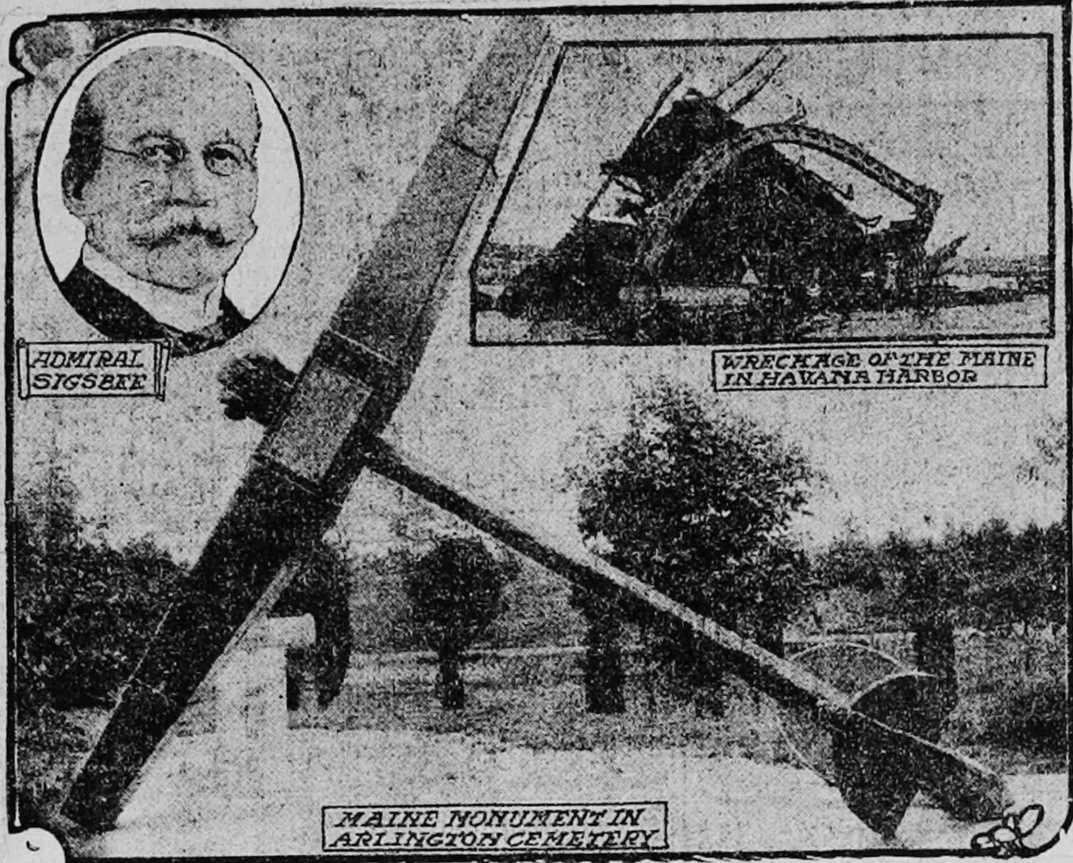


## Reviving Hope That the Maine Will be "Remembered"



Washington, March 22.—The action of the subcommittee of the house committee on naval affairs in reporting favorably the bill providing for the raising of the wreck of the Maine from Havana harbor has roused anew the hopes of those who have been laboring for more than a decade with that end in view. The work of rais-

ing the Maine is to be done by contract, according to the present plans of the committee. The bill carries a provision for the burial of any remains found in the wreck in the national cemetery at Arlington, where lie the bones of those formerly taken from the steel hulk. Their graves are marked by an immense anchor, suitably inscribed. The Maine was destroyed Feb. 15, 1898, either by an

exterior submarine explosion, as reported by the American board of inquiry, or through an interior explosion, as the Spaniards asserted. Out of a complement of 263 officers and men 2 officers and 264 men were killed by the explosion or drowned and 60 were taken out wounded. The commander of the Maine at the time was Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, who is now a retired rear admiral.

## At the Soda Fountain By Dorothy Dix

SCENE—Soda water fountain glittering arrays of onyx and mirrors and silver plating. Rows of cut glass jars of crushed fruit on counter. Deft male attendants in white jackets behind the counter compounding soft drinks. Before the counter a long line of women, interspersed with a few men, slowly sipping soda through long straws, with eyes upturned with the pious and soulful expression of a benighted.

DRAMATIC PERSONNEL—Mabel, the cashier, in her violet. Hortense, her friend, a stenographer, who has dropped around during her lunch hour for a chat and in the hope that Mabel will set her up a soda. MABEL (Speaking a ten cent ice cream soda check on the hook with one hand and raking the dime into the cash drawer with the other)—Hello, Hortense, glad to see you! I was just thinking about you and wondering if a hot chocolate wouldn't look good to you this cold day.

HORTENSE (With admiration)—You for the mind reading thing? MABEL (In a low tone of voice)—Well, you go over to Eddie, the pretty boy with the blonde hair, at the end of the counter and tell him that I sent you and that the drink is on me.

HORTENSE (Archly)—Sweet on you, eh? Well I wouldn't mind having a soda water clerk in love with me. Or one in a jewelry store. But I never have any luck. If a fellow takes a shine to me you can bet your Sunday hat on it that he is the boss of a street cleaning gang, or a clerk in a hardware store, or something that there is no take-off in for me.

MABEL (Sympathetically)—It certainly does help some for your steady to be where there's things to wear or (calling to a solemn looking man with eyeglasses and whiskers)—Excuse me sir, but you forgot your change.

HORTENSE—Well, ain't he the careless thing! My, but that's what I'd like—to be able to put down a dollar, and then not have heart failure for fear I wouldn't get back my fifty cents.

MABEL—Well, you go and get your soda now before the boss comes a strolling down this way, and while Eddie won't have to make more than six of them dames in fur coats, and near-fur coats, wait.

HORTENSE (Sauntering back after a few minutes and taking her place by the side of the wicket where she can indulge in the double luxury of soda and gossip at the same time)—Say, but that's a swell braid you've got on.

MABEL—All my own hair. HORTENSE (Derisively)—That's what they all say.

MABEL—Well, I paid for it myself, anyway. (To customer leading a child of five by the hand, No, ma'am, we don't make any reduction on a

glass of soda according to the age of the person who drinks it. A lady of thirty-five would have to pay just as much as you.

HORTENSE—Gee, but you took a rise out of her hair, and her that's dressed up and painted up trying to look young.

MABEL (Wearily)—They make me tired, them women with diamonds and sealisks in that close-fisted that they make the eagle on a dollar scream the way they squeeze it.

HORTENSE (Admiringly)—But ain't you afraid she'll report you to the manager? MABEL (Archly)—Now, she'd have to tell what I said if she did, and you bet your life that no woman's going to repeat what anybody said about her being old.

HORTENSE (Archly)—I was surprised when I saw how perky you had your hair fixed today because somehow, it always looks like to me that you can tell how a woman feels by the way she does her hair.

MABEL—That's right, you just can't get a good crimp in hair to save your life when you are feeling down in the mouth.

HORTENSE—That's the reason I thought— MABEL (Coldly)—If there is any reason why I can't pin on a thirty-two inch braid I've got to wait for my friends to come to tell me. But (biting) you can always depend on your friends coming around to pour into your ears the things you don't want to hear.

HORTENSE (Apologetically)—Billy was around to my house last night. MABEL (Haughtily)—It is a matter of indifference where Mister Smithkins visits.

HORTENSE (Soothingly)—Oh, say, Mabel, don't be a goose. Why, the state he's in is enough to melt a heart of stone. He cried on my neck until I had to hang my stock on the radiator to dry after he went away.

MABEL (With freezing politeness)—I am truly glad—that you were able to comfort him.

HORTENSE (Bluntly)—Say, Mabel, what's the matter between you two? MABEL (Despairingly)—It's all out. I've given him back his ring and presents and he sent me back all my letters and the necktie that I worked for him, and that was just as good as new. It didn't show that it had been worn at all.

HORTENSE—But what did you get sore at him about? MABEL (With gloomy enjoyment of the situation)—It was all his fault. Hortense. Whatever happens it will always be a pleasure to me to remember that I was noble and patient and forbearing, and not in any way to blame.

HORTENSE—But what did you say to him? MABEL (Still on the heights and

speaking in a sad sweet voice)—Nothing, Hortense, nothing. I merely told him that he was a brute, and that I was glad, yes, I was thankful that I had found him out before marriage. Instead of afterwards when it would have been too late.

HORTENSE (Ironically)—I don't see how he could have taken exceptions to a few remarks like those. MABEL—Nor I, but he flung himself out of the house and said that I wouldn't see him again until I came to my senses.

HORTENSE (Smothering her mirth)—The idea! MABEL—He'll wait a long time if he waits for me to send for him. There are plenty of other men that are gentlemen, and that don't fly up at every little thing anybody says to them. Oh, I tell you I made an escape in not marrying him. Why, he would just run over a quiet, amiable woman like me and make a doormat of her.

HORTENSE—Won't you make up with him? MABEL (Emphatically)—Never, not if he was to crawl on his hands and knees.

HORTENSE (Casually)—Well, maybe it's best. If you two were so unsuited to each other maybe you would have scrapped.

MABEL—I tell you that a man is a grinding tyrant and his temper is something frightful. HORTENSE—Did you ever hear him speak of Susie Tompkins?

MABEL—That little red-headed cat? HORTENSE (Diplomatically)—She had him round there at her house two or three times last week.

MABEL—The sneak! Trying to tow him in by feeding him up. (To customer). No lady, I didn't give you the wrong change. Two sodas out of twenty-five cents don't leave but five. No, they don't give no rebates if you buy two.

HORTENSE (With elaborate unconcern)—He seemed to like Susie. Said she was so sympathetic to him about the way you treated him.

MABEL (Excitedly)—She shan't have him! I won't let that little two-faced mix have him! HORTENSE—Will you see him if he'll come around here?

MABEL (Jewelry)—Will I just give me a chance? HORTENSE (Making a sign to a good looking youth waiting without the door)—I think that chump coming along to buy a soda check looks sort of like him, so I'll be moving on.

MABEL (Rapturously)—Say, Tense come every day and I'll stake you to a soda as long as I am here. HORTENSE (In a hoarse whisper as a radiant youth bears down upon the cashier's wicket)—Say Mabel, what did you and Billy quarrel about?

MABEL—Why, I don't know! I never could remember. But he was to blame.

—DOROTHY DIX.

### STRAWBERRIES EASY TO GROW.

Strawberries adapt themselves to nearly every sort of soil and climate, though clay loam generally yields the best results. This fruit should be popular because it is the first fruit of the season, requires less time between planting and harvesting than any other fruit and a total failure is seldom recorded. Strawberries are as easy to raise as any vegetable or field crop, and a patch 25 by 50 feet will produce enough berries to supply a family of six. If cultivated with hand implements make rows 18 inches apart and set plants 18 inches apart in the row. Where horse implements are used there should be about three feet between the rows and 18 inches between the plants. Cultivate just as the average garden crop is cultivated and continue until late in the season. Turn runners along the line of the row where they appear. When a sufficient number of strong plants to give a nicely matted stand have become well rooted, additional new plants may be treated as so many weeds. In winter the plants can be protected with a mulch of half-rotted straw or leaves worked around and between them. Keep free from weeds and do not use too much nitrogenous fertilizers.

## The Sergeant's Story

The air was dead  
That afternoon we lost the trail,  
Where calcined skeletons were laid  
In drifted graves that no man made;  
But wild winds were the sexton's spade,  
And from his brazen throne o'erhead,  
The fierce sun sowed the smoking sands  
With fire, wide poured, from unseen hands.

A vast hot oven seemed to be,  
Far as our parboiled eyes could see;  
Nor shadow of a cloud was there,  
Nor insect fanned the breathless air;  
Nor anything of flesh and bone,  
Save us and ours. But where the gray  
Hot scoria in dead furrows lay,  
A lithe, fugacious, lizard prone.

Fared in the incandescent dust;  
His mail that erstwhile dazzling shone,  
Was turned to the dull hue of rust.

A shoreless sea of restless sand,  
Whose bounds our eyes had vainly sought;  
A waveless sea of blighted land,  
That God Himself had long forgot.

Apparent on our wondering view,  
A mirage of the desert grew;  
And where the sky's hot rim shut down  
Through dancing air-waves somber brown,  
There, shoreward, tossed a limpid sea,  
Greengirt, but unconfined and free;  
And, stretching down along the main,  
Were spectral cities of the plain;  
And lofty spires, and mosques, and towers,  
Looked down on rare arcadian bowers;  
And ne'er old Babylon the fair,  
Hung stranger gardens in the air.

Hopeless beyond our feeble reach,  
The sobbing blue waves lapped the beach;  
Faint on the ear methought I heard,  
A pulsing stream, the song of bird—  
Saw billowing grasses bending low,  
Swept by shadows that change and grow—  
That change and grow, at last, to find  
Some wayward figment of the mind  
To lure us, disappointed, where  
Hope dies a victim to despair.

With lessening strength we cried aloud,  
And from the desert's incubus,  
Like ghostly babblings from a shroud,  
Came our own voices back to us.

Our horses spent and mad with thirst,  
Saw, as we saw, the shimmering tide—  
An ocean flowing strong and wide—  
Neighed piteous, like a human wail.  
When hearts are stung and helpless fail,  
Sank one by one and, languorous, died.

The most to lose, and yet the first,  
So waxed the days, and night's grim frown  
Fell amorous and lowering down,  
And closed a life's most bitter day;  
For ne'er creeps twilight's witchery,  
O'er the dry floor of that dead sea,  
Paved with ten thousand years of clay;  
But, sudden as a blown out light,  
Falls the still curtain of the night;  
And when the stars break into view,  
They seem to sear the darkness through,  
And, clinging to the broiling flesh,  
The vestments sting the nerves afresh;  
With igneous venom that the air,  
Sifts without mercy everywhere.

O, night of hunger, thirst and pain,  
Will morning never come again?  
Alas, the day presages dread,  
In this Golgotha of the dead.

We scoop the dust with strenuous hand,  
And waning strength, but sedulous,  
To know each grain of shifting sand  
Is but a stone of Sisypheus;  
In hours of toil the shallow bowl  
Holds less nepenthe for the heart,  
Than keeps together flesh and soul,  
Or life and death, an hour apart.

Wherever bent the vagrant way,  
In every hour, or night, or day,

If hope were kind, or fate denied,  
Our pack, of all their line the pride,—  
Unasked they gave sagacious love,  
True as a pledge of heaven above,  
These dumb companions of our stress,  
Crawled at our feet with mute caress,  
And, nerveless in the desert's breath,  
Drank thence the lethal draught of death.

All died save one whose royal breed  
Once coursed the moorlands of ancient Tweed,  
And guarded flocks on heathered plains,  
These lived again in his strong veins;  
For days he led the famished pack  
O'er wilds unmarred by human track;  
His will the hell of thirst o'erpowered,  
His tireless feet the wastes devoured;  
Reason or instinct—both seemed there,  
As, nosing the mephitic air,  
When stars were paling in the night,  
He shuffled, whimpering, from our sight.

Ghost-like, our last friend went away,  
A shadow through dawn's misty gray;  
And straight the phantom course was laid,  
Towards a time-worn, upheaved grade,—  
A shard of rib from Mother Earth,  
Long sprung before the Judean birth;  
Where, over the eroded ledge,  
Were mats of woven brake and sedge;  
And, from the hither shoulder's scarp  
Of crumpled rock of angles sharp,  
Poured wimpling forth fresh as the dawn,  
A spring, and pure as Helicon.

But purblind eyes no longer sought  
What oft had disappointment brought;  
And no man cared, in his distress,  
What lay beyond, a league or less;  
For hope had passed, nor left behind  
A ray, to light the glimmering mind.  
We only saw the growing gray  
Of morn, and dreamed of those sweet things  
That memory to the dying brings:  
The trysts of youth, the spangled hills  
Of violets and daffodils;  
The school boy loitering by the way,  
The oft told tale the lover weaves  
In birchen groves of whispering leaves,  
And all the happiness of yore,  
That once was ours, but ours no more.

But when, ablaze, the risen sun  
Had scarce his dreaded work begun,  
The collier's eager bay was heard,  
And our dead veins to life were stirred;  
And faint was waft the troopers' cheers,  
The shoutings of the mulcteers,  
And valorous Carlo led the van,  
As once before he led the pack  
O'er wastes unmarred by human track,  
To where we eked life's little span.

Full well they rode! That morn free spurred,  
With loosened rein our saviours came;  
As once the bugle's call they heard,  
And rode through gory fields to fame;  
These who had mourned our hapless fate,  
Worn victims of the desert's hate.

O, good canteen! Nor Rhone bred vine  
E'er shed its blood so rich as thine;  
A draught! O, God, and such a draught,  
For very joy we wept and laughed;  
We shook our clenched hands at the sky,  
Our only shroud if we should die;  
And life came back, a feeble spark,  
But a great light, when all was dark.

Where up you hill the brown path creeps,  
To listen to the murmuring stream;  
There Carlo, faithful Carlo, sleeps,  
A sleep profound, perchance to dream;  
There first the morning's purpling rays  
Gilds his rude mound with radiant light;  
There last the lingering glory stays,  
To bid the fading world Good Night;  
Where he has gone the gathered host,  
That fills the dumb brutes' Hall of Fame,  
Will find his own they loved the most,  
Beside Abou Ben Adam's name.

—A. S. CONDON.

## Famous Dutch Painting Which is Said to Have Cost New York Banker the Sum of \$500,000



## What About Gas for Cooking This Summer?

If you wait until the weather is warm, you will be late and have to take your turn. People are coming in every day and asking when gas mains are to be laid on their street. It takes from two weeks to thirty days to lay gas mains and get the gas turned on in your residence.

The new gas works will be started this week and we will be ready to take orders for new customers. Don't wait until the weather gets warm and expect us to get the gas into your residence the next day. From the outlook, we estimate that a car load of ranges and water heaters will be required for this season's demand.

You KNOW that you are thinking about gas and why delay. Come in early and arrange for your needs and get it done in time to enjoy the comfort of gas cooking. If you intend building a home always include the pipes necessary for cooking and heating. The contractor will not charge a cent more if these are included in the first plans. We will examine all the pipe work and see that it is arranged properly, free of cost.

UTAH LIGHT & RAILWAY COMPANY.  
D. Decker, Local Manager.